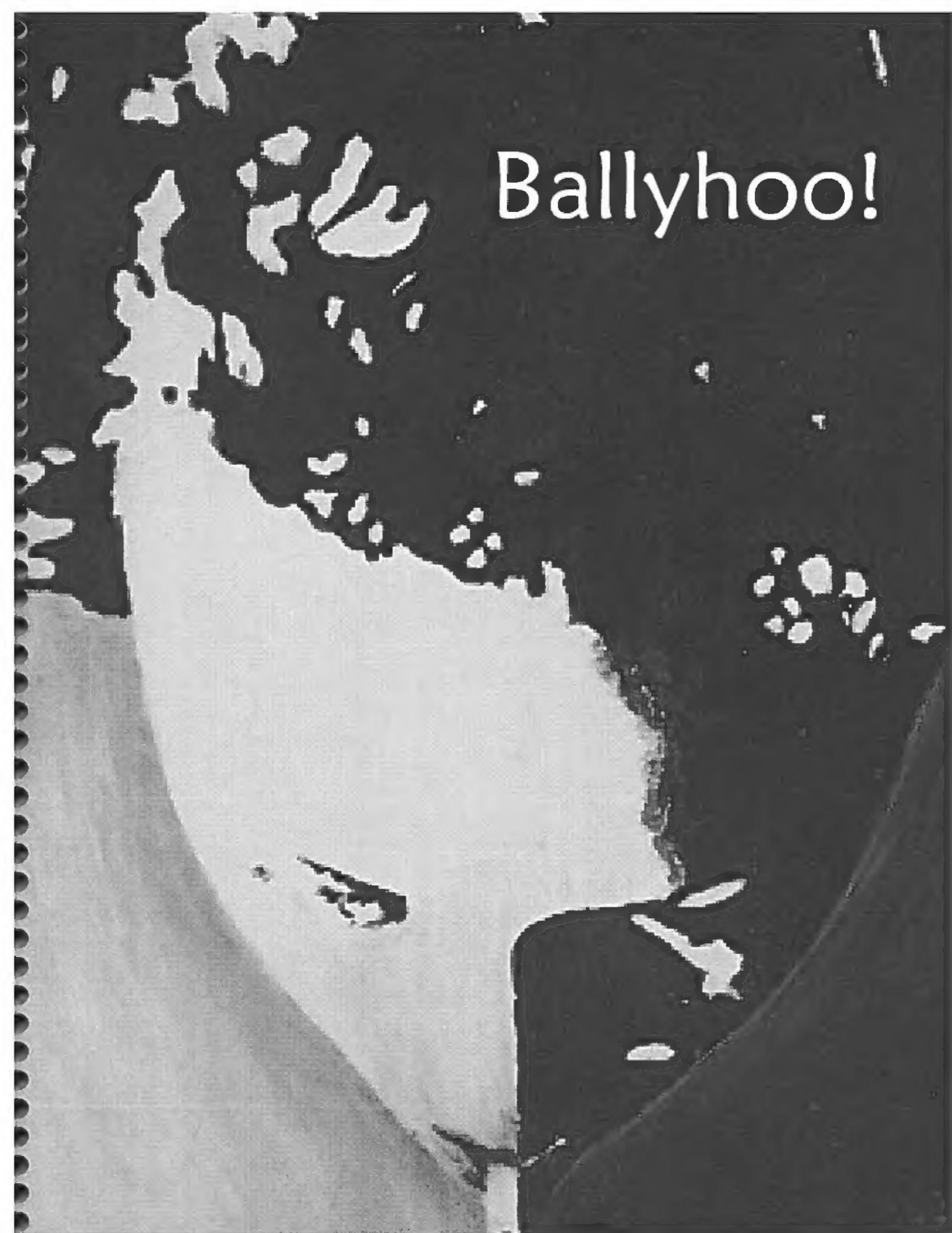


Ballyhoo!



Cover Page:
Untitled
heather stolte
(acrylic on panel)

Ballyhoo!

TKUC's official fine arts publication

1999-2000

editors

Laura De Visser
Denise Winter

Faculty Advisor

Dr. Arlette M. Zinck

Ballyhoo! is an annual publication of The King's University College
Creative Publications Board featuring poetry, songs, short stories, photos and art-
work by students, faculty, staff and alumni.



THE KING'S UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

Christian University Education

9125-50th St.
Edmonton AB
T6B 2H3
(780) 465-3500
www.kingsu.ab.ca

The King's University College
Simona Maaskant Library

Prologue

Amidst both drought and flood, this year's BALLYHOO! has been a splashing success (the fact that we have it out before graduation is success in itself!). The subtle theme for this year's publication is the ambivalence and the restraints of time. This publication is in many ways meant to remember those thoughts that never seem to find an audible voice, the crux of what we know, but cannot explain. It is with this in mind that we chose to publish these pieces of creative art.

Together with Wallace Stevens, Northrop Frye in his book, The Educated Imagination, says that "the motive for metaphor. . . is a desire to associate, and finally to identify, the human mind with what goes on outside it, because the only genuine joy *you* can have is in those rare moments when you feel that although we may know in part. . . we are also a part of what we know" (p.11). It is specifically this quote which came to mind when we first delved in to the sorting and sifting of your creative works. Thank you to all who have shared your inner wor(l)ds.

The Editors,

Denise Winter & Laura de Visser

With much gratitude to:

Dr. Arlette Zinck (advising); Irene Vander Kloet (financial advising); Broderick Wood (technological advising); Dr. Henry Schuurman (ethical advising); the TKHC-SA; the TKHC Bookstore; and the Chronicle, for letting us share your space, rain or shine!

Dramatis Personae

(in order of appearance)

heather stolte	rober, 21, 23
janna hiemstra	8
angela roorda winter	9, 13, 35, 37
joel vander schaaf	10, 16, 34, 36, 47
ryan blackmore	12
bryan broom	12, 49
eba gudja	14
emily dow	15, 18, 37
valarie s. e. rolle	15
amy de bos	17
michael de moor	18, 22, 28, 37, 42, 50
denise winter	19
fridge magnet poets (larissa de bos, steph & betsy, cmb, mi- chael de moor, greg van der horst, dlw, lisa martin)	20-21
remco dalmaijer	22, 24, 42
jenn neufeld	22
cmb	23
bradley mwaangi	30
norton mah	31
larissa de bos	32
kathleen bluemink	32
jex hiemstra	32
jonathan de moor	33, 36
billie milholland	38, 40, 41
michelleb & nuclear goodtime boys	39
david long	44
greg van der horst	45, 54, back rober
angela van essen	46
none of the above	53

Oh for a Muse of fire, that would ascend. . .





Reproduction of Vincent Van Gogh's
Portrait of Patience Escalier
janna hiemstra
(acrylic on panel)

The dream

I had a dream
one day
I watched you stumble, tumble
trying, climbing upwards to reach
what was it?
but you couldn't and you fell
I ran, I flew, I swooped to get you
catch you, scoop you up and see what gash was left
you looked at me I looked
I kissed you wet-eyed me, not you
I kissed you and a wonder happened:
gone the gash, the slash I marveled
gathered you up in my arms and lo
another miracle bestowed you me your arms your hands
they opened up, they opened up, unfurled
like wings, uncurled and pointed upwards
to the thing just out of reach we went, we moved
you moved away no, stronger, stranger than before
you left me standing, watching, gleaming eyes
I watched you striding, gliding onwards
upwards streaming eyes now upwards
out of reach you moved, you moved me

marvelous

to see you dancing, dreaming
was I dreaming?
graceful movements in the wind
your hair, your fingers in the wind

-angela roorda winter-

I reserve my emotions for musical interludes.

(Am I a beast?
Am I a coward?
Am I a human?)

I ash on sunsets
I wander aloud
but I am only struck
by myself and it does not leave its scabbard
readily for others, though I sense no fear
I'm growing into an indiscernible
theme

continuing with vulpine faces
drawing away into petty
self-sacrifice
in anger I will gain
every loss I wished
would sanctify
this life

jack in the box ferality
gnashing words through sharpened teeth
sitting on a lid
in fear of
the boil that may not even
exist

facing outward continually
in awe of this sordid temper
if I am really inert,
where did this cauldron
of feeling
dissolve into

I am the child of
fragmented introspection
seemingly aware of what I'm without
genuinely mystified by
what could possibly quake beneath
the chest, what stirs in
the attic

if I am truly inert
an impassable ocean,

a sponge of inexhaustible reserve,
is it strength or a
complex ignorance,
the safety belt of my insides
so I am kept from crashing into others?

I am not immovable for I can
be thrown high into the air and
shoved into the ground
(which we will all be at least once)
but I am not spun into
a dizzying riot, though I am
prone to fall quickly into foolish flamboyance
and posturing.

others sense a distance in
how I am inactive,
how I never let my eyes empathize
and seem to burn like falling leaves,
there are hilly miles that
I seem to watch from.

how do I pretend that I am turned about?
I am not sensing any abysmal creation
to maintain this emotional obtusity,
in fact, I eagerly welcome any leviathan
that may be lurking in the waters
(to think, a well so deep that it could hide a levia-
than)
if only to have the chance to do battle

that what is this manifest before and
from my hand?
is it a cry or mere observation? or perhaps
just the notion of incongruence
with others that seem
to blow in the warm wind of emotion

- joel vander schaaf-

Sand Castle

Sand castles never just grow
they are pulled up hand by hand
not far from the roaring foam walls
built for a moment when
their maker relaxes and sits back
while the tide pushes forward
till the water crumple-crumbles it
as flat as light brown paper
under a running water film
Castles are not made
for any purpose except
to create inside creation
a kind of sculpted echo
of a medieval time
a mind print
left in the sand
of God's running hour glass

-ryan blackmore-

- in thanks for the time and space at Betty's Bay, South Africa, Dec. 1996



Sahara Desert
Bryan Vroom
(colour photo)

Easter

Pulling my coat around me
hands dug deep in pockets
against the winter chill,
I touch the nail.
I've carried it with me a long time,
that Lenten nail.
Grim reminder
of strangled crucifix cries,
limp lent bodies,
and blood—so much blood.

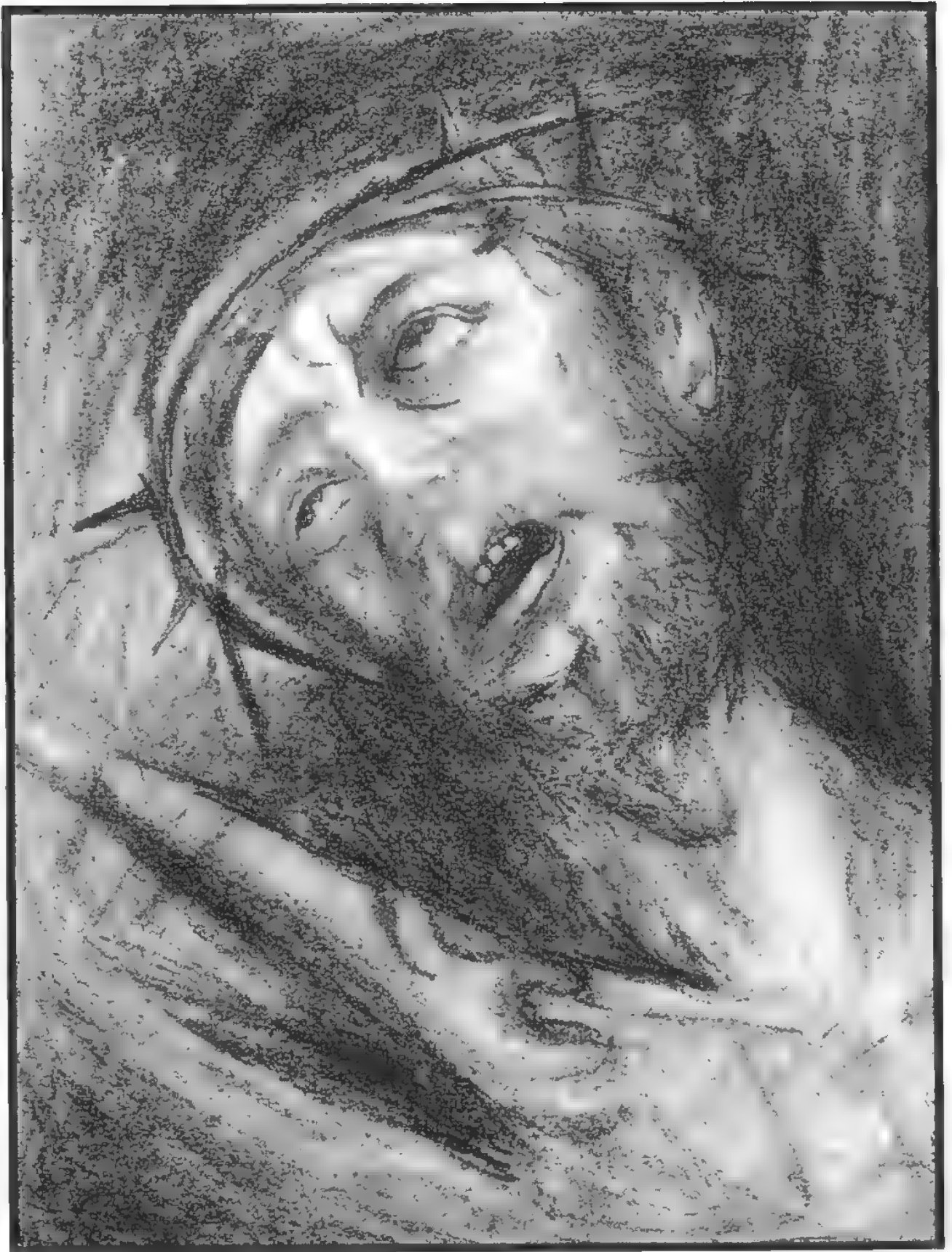
Strange,
how that nail pierces me
just when I'm struggling to protect myself.
Insulate.

Perhaps I should return it now,
observe the season's passage and
- - let go.
Three grave years gone,
it's time for resurrection,
Easter.

A mild spell cracks the icy cold outside,
a sign of Spring?
Inside,
the kitchen,
I read stories with my son.
Between pages his hand reaches up
to touch my face,
I glimpse that fleeting, barely-there smile of his
and
I'm pierced.

What pain,
but—yes
what joy
these broken bodies bring.

-angela roorda winter-



"Jesus Crucified"
eva gudja
(pencil drawing)

Life is Beautiful

in the shadow of a
child's stillness...
Silence (in eons where
respect lingered)
whose name upon
spoken
disappears,
clothes and captures
belief,
innocent trust.
large eyes still shining from
birth where he saw Jesus'
face
gaze into a familiar face
and squander questions,
knowing what the wise and learned
quest eternally after...
faith is hope in the unseen.

-emily dow-

A Prayer

I desire to feel your closeness
I aspire to walk in rightness
As my thoughts flow
Let my relationship grow
Creator, let them see my glow
Let love, patience, and understanding be my priority
Not wealth and material prosperity
God let me assist those living in poverty
Help me to remember that I am your earthly ambassador
Let vanity, deception, and envy not m'be my conqueror
It is a small request
Father please guide me to my best.

-valarie s. e. rolle-

I will be to you what dreams have made me

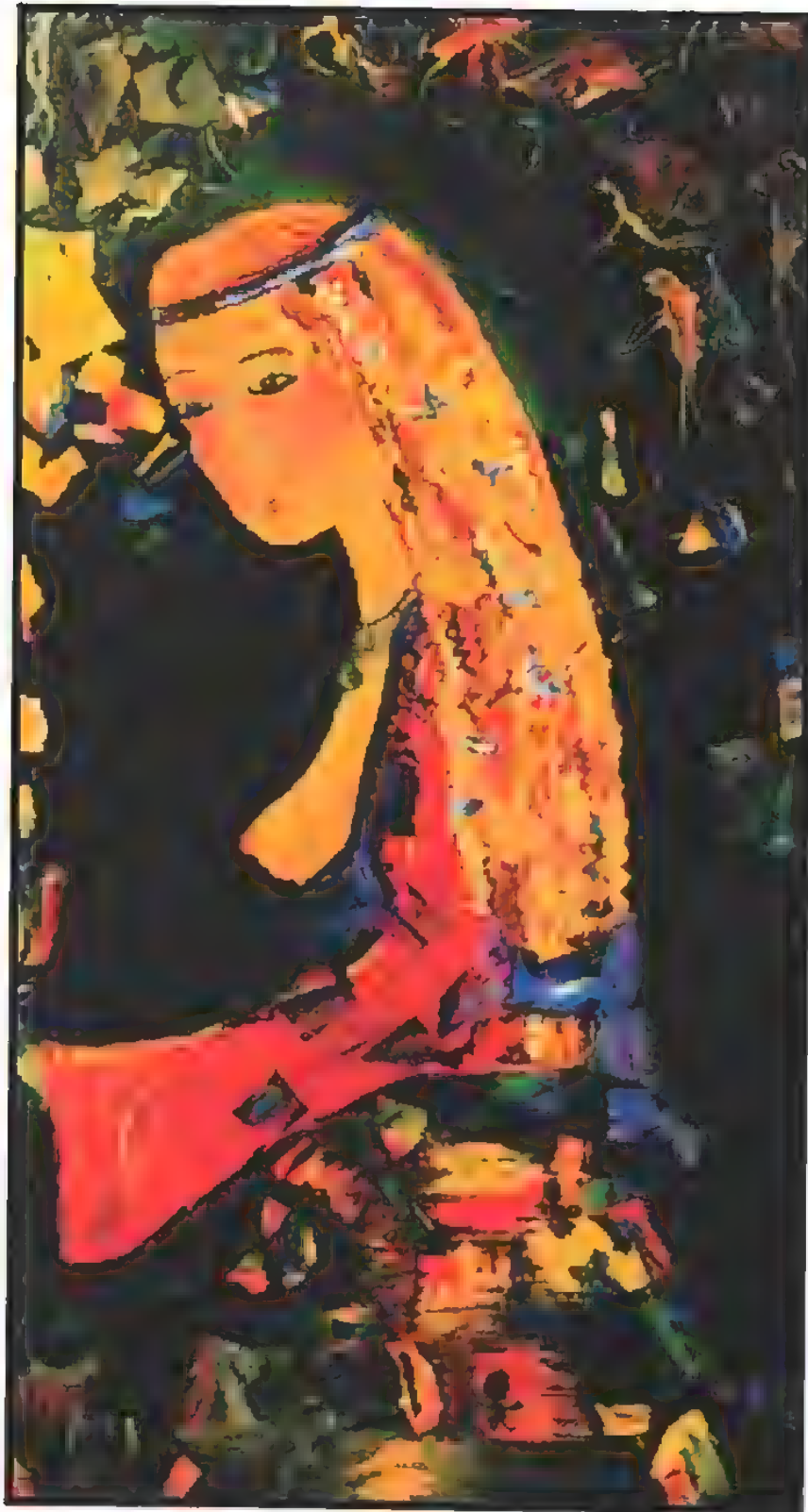
I dreamed
about you
Last night
and then seeing
Your shy
smile today
I'm pretty
Sure you
Knew.

-joel vander schaaf-

The brightest heaven of invention:...



untitled
amy de vos
(colour photo)



"Tennyson's Guinevere"
denise winter
(acrylic and oil pastel on paper on canvas)

the shape of the room

thin and long
white

like a woman's forearm
the clock ticking out the seconds of
her pulse.

-michael de moor-

Painted Truth

lovely, he croons
a misplaced tendril urks and
tires perfection...
a mirror reflection of plastic...
curves accentuate yet disguise
self-conscious despise
(unrealized,
pride lies undamaged)
your lipstick smears across cruel tones
and colours my cheeks with shame...
beauty's truth is vacant on a painted face.
Time whispers of you smiling, soothing...
comforting...
yet your morality bows before Superficiality's
throne?!
hither crucifixion...
clothe thy body and expose thy heart
naked
(Saviour's sacrifice)
...welcome peace;
salute holiness and discard
false identities
(pleads thy Maker)

-emily dow-

Fridge

Magnet

Poetry

you are a bourgeoisie virgin.
hurrah sing happily!
are my cliches

WOMEN BEWARE!

Discontent and sorrow
springeth from men.

*Dream of new flesh.
Droppeth thy guilt and
wish for mercy.*

**God and the Atheist
dream together
of roses in twilight.**

I see the sky grow clear:
The sun and rainbow
grab the clouds.

I fly high on the pleasures of love,
but i fear the fall.

Kill the strained summer
love for thou art mad!

i think i will line my eyes with charcoal for i need to look more fierce...

I am lost in the maze of
love, thought, fear, and sorrow.



There is only virtue
until sex
is sure.

vision black
never
next
smooth road
water death
sleep
together
delicate with symphony you were
like power beneath worship

we sing; swim and gown me
in a lather show dress
suit and fiddle

Drive out
all storm
but go
like the flooding
crush of a
moment

none so bitter
as woman
afterthoughts
atop moaning springs
of panting lust

rip me
I ache to blow
away

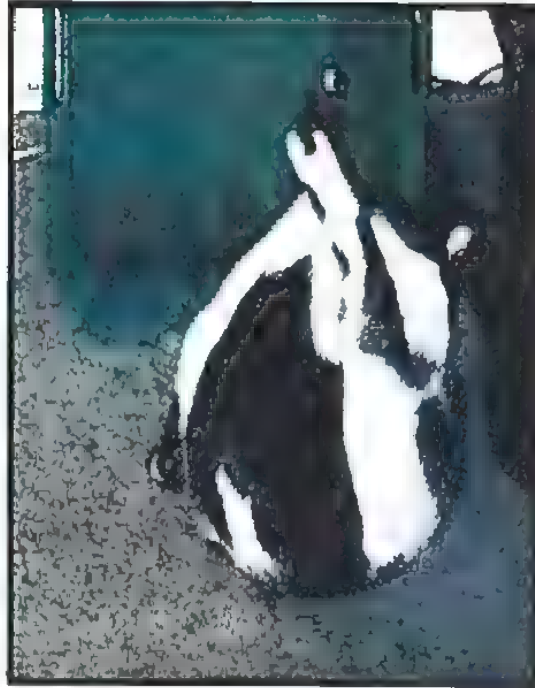
Picture mad
delirious garden
like he did let
their whisper
fall
wanting language
as legs and feet
at sad lakes



Feline Haiku

My cat licks herself.
Strange, she seems to enjoys it;
god only knows why.

- michael de moor-



Breathing Exhaust

The sun casts a warm glow
on my tired,
question-laden mind.
The sound of a mower,
probably a man,
as mowers often are,
Filtrates through my mind
as the pleasant sound of
mosquito-life
on damp nights.
Here comes my taxi.

-jenn neufeld-

The innocent boy had said,
"Why do we all have to lay down
and die?"
His father just grinned,
he knew his son sinned.
"I'll kill you myself!" his reply.

-remco dalmaijer-

Narcissist

I saw a
narcissist
in a cafe on granville
waiting in line he leaned a perfect
ass against a simple railing.
he modelled ease.

he caught me staring and blinked demurely
the subtlest of bows
I too bowed
my head with guilt
at having further flattered his dimension.

-cmv-



"Fairy #1 (Sometimes I wish)"
heather stolte
(acrylic on panel)

Operations

Spark. Spark. Spark. Spark.

Dark. Dark. Dark. Dark.

It is like that for more than a few minutes. Gradually I begin to decipher forms and colours. After about fifteen minutes of recovery time, I realize I have been transported into a moving vehicle, a car if I remember correctly.

With me in this car are two other men and a rather attractive younger lady. Both men are wearing suits: one olive drab and the other a pin stripe black. They both look very sharp. The young lady is wearing a burgundy knee-length skirt with a vest of the same colour. Her silky shirt underneath looks so soft. The two men are positioned in front of the car and the lady is beside me in the back.

After I take in the situation, I glance outside. I see dense pine forest and rolling hills. The road is asphalt, and the line slicing through the road put into obvious form the direction we are travelling, straight. The pines outside of my window, no more than fifteen meters from the side of the road, stand tall and proud, very much like they are ready to defend the rest of the forest from the humans who drive along the road. The beady eyes of the owl perched atop the trees do not seem at all disturbed by the car. They look on the forest floor for food.

After realizing I had not fallen asleep in this situation, I inquire of the lady: "Where am I going? What is happening? From where did you people get me?"

The lady replies, "Do not worry sir. You will be briefed on everything before it will happen to you." She says this with a sternness which almost causes her to lose her falsetto voice.

Her reply makes me wonder why I would let strangers do anything to me at all. I am indeed in a state of confusion.

I hear a man say some sort of phrase which must of meant code. As I look out the window, I notice out of the corner of my eye the lady quietly procure a pen from her vest. I assume she is going to write down what the man had said. I look beside me to see the lady closing a small box. No more than three minutes later, I fall asleep. Perhaps this is only a coincidence.

* * * * *

I wake up in the same manner as before. This time it goes a lot quicker and I am able to distinguish that we are parking at a trail head of some kind.

We step out of the car, which I notice is a greyish colour and has West Virginia license plates. I am very gently led down a path. My three companions are indeed very polite and courteous to me, almost as if I was some sort of glorified human being, when really I am just really who I am. Later even I would have to question that statement.

We continue walking down the path. I am behind the pin-striped man and ahead of the woman and the olive drab man. In the middle of the walk, the pin-striped man cuts of the trail and heads toward an open field. At the edge of the field the man stops and kneels down.

I am told by both the olive drab man and the burgundy woman to turn around. I do this readily. The pin-striped man then grabs my shoulders and slowly leads me backwards down what seems to be a set of stairs. I very much prefer to be able to look at these stairs because they were quite narrow, but the pin-striped man seems to definitely know what he is doing. I remember thinking he had done this many times before.

When we get to the bottom of the stairs I am told I can turn around. In front of me is a crowded and cluttered room. My companions of the last few hours lead me through the room and out of another door. I now notice a very thick yellow line on the floor.

We follow this line for quite a ways. "Til we didn't. And when we stop I am told to go through the doors.

Two big steel doors with tinted windows face me. At about waist height there is a sign saying: RESERVED. So I feel pretty special (naively so, in retrospect).

I open the doors and find myself in a room with a table that is no less than thirty feet long. It is surrounded by a bunch of fellows dressed in white (presumably doctors). Along the walls of this room there are many posters of spinal cords and brains and such. It is at this point in time when I start to feel a little uneasy. (It was later explained to me that it was the drugs that caused me to be so co-operative).

There is one open chair at the end of the table. I am motioned to sit in it by the person at the other end of the table. I believe him to be the most important person of this bunch. There is a pouring of thanks bestowed upon my companions. They then leave the room. I am now all alone in a room with about forty other people.

The man at the end speaks. I still can not remember what he said to me because it was far to in-depth. Later, I am retold this after the operation. I remember signing a piece of paper at some point which I also recall caused a lot of emotion and relief. I am guided out of the room and led to my own little "dorm", as somebody called it. This flat I have to myself is amazing. It consists of a free bar, pool table, cable television, movies in abundance, and more food than one can imagine. This is likened to the textbook definition of pampering. I decide to take it easy, and after a few games of pool and a little television, I go to bed. The men had asked me to write down what I watch on television so while I lay in bed I do just that.

I wake up the next morning feeling completely rejuvenated. One hour after I had woken up there was a knock at my door. The same men who had led me here were here to take me away. And so, I follow the men around the twists and turns of this apparent underbelly of forest floor.

Upon instruction, I lay down on a gurney in the hallway. Almost instantly a nurse (I assume it is a nurse because she seems like a nurse) places a gas mask over my head. I begin to struggle. Another nurse comes by and injects me with something. This is the last of *my* memories.

* * * * *

The doctors inform me to keep my report short and succinct.

* * * * *

After many months of studies I am able to return to *my* home. The drive home is considerably harder because there are only two of us in the car, and *my* eyesight is still a little hazy. It has been that way since the operation. After I am driven back to *my* house, I am joined up by the head of the operation whose name I had learned to be Dr. Roberts.

Dr. Roberts explains to me, in as brief and simple a form as his mind would allow, what I had been going through.

He begins, "You have been most co-operative in our experiment, Remco. I feel as if I should tell you a little about what we have done, and at the end of my summation you may look again at our agreement.

As an agency, we have been doing many studies regarding the brain and its behaviour. We have wondered most especially about a person's memory bank. About forty years ago, we took it upon ourselves to take part in the biggest breakthrough in memory research in the history of mankind!

It started out with a man named McKinstry. He was our first specimen. We mapped out one nerve with McKinstry. This in itself was a major breakthrough because we were not sure how to work it.

With that specimen, we began our work which would keep us underground and very busy for the next some years." He grins in a manner that is meant to lighten up this morbid story.

"We established protocol after the thirteenth man. This is the process by which we obtain our specimens: first, we give him a serum which disables his logical thinking process, and then ask him to sign our agreement. We then knock him out again with the serum and take him to our lab. We treat him like a king for a day or two after which he is taken to the operating room where the procedure takes place. In a sense, we are doing a brain transplant; however, we are not doing a brain transplant for improvement but rather to study memory. But before we do anything, we first have to establish a brain map.

Slowly but surely, the spinal map is laid out. Once this is finished we concentrate on the cranial nerves. Our study of the Vaga nerve was never quite as in-depth as we would have liked. This may account for your slightly blurred vision. Chances are that it will never go away, but don't worry, financially, you will be looked after by the company so employment won't be an issue.

Once all the nerves had been matched, we decided to test out the operation. Our first operation was only a mild success because one of the doctors has incorrectly re-attached one of the coronary nerves. This occurred about three years ago. Since then, we have performed the operation in its entirety five hundred times with only one doctor making a mistake each time. You are the first one to be perfectly transplanted.

It is unfortunate but I am unable to talk to you about what happened before the operation in fear of suppressed memory recollection. We agreed that if you were to remember something you would lead a very traumatic life."

"Well, Dr. Roberts, after what you have told me I do not think I will be able to lead a normal life. . . ?"

"On the contrary, your life will be perfectly normal. With, of course, the exception of your vision. You will never be able to remember what happened to you unless someone makes specific mention of it. There is no way that you may receive even a subliminal undertake." He paused here, wondering whether I deserved further explanation. Then, with just a little indignation, he said, "This is because the subliminal section of your brain has become moderately damaged."

I lounge back into *my* chair only to see green sticks whizzing by at great speeds.

Some look as if they are close enough to touch. . . others look far, far away.

* * * * *

I sit at home by myself. No pictures of me remain on the walls from before. No furniture, that I recall, in fact, I am not entirely sure that this is indeed my old house. And I believe I would like it to stay that way.

I do not want to live in a state where I may be myself and then find out somehow that I am not, or that my appearance has changed or that my memories are different.

I repeat the name "Remco" in my head over and over again, but it never sounds familiar. If I really am who I am . . . are my memories my own or the body in which my brain sits? Whose personality do I have? Is it possible for my brain to remember any of what happened to me before the drive home? Dr. Roberts says no, why not? It is my brain, is it not? Wait! Whose mine?

I can not write any more regarding this matter because of my state of fatigue. My brain is still having trouble re-establishing itself with my other neural pathways.

* * * * *

I just left the computer to go look in the mirror. The bathroom is at the end of the hallway on the left-hand side (I should write this down somewhere). My hands feel dirty, so I go to the bathroom, and while I wash my hands, I look at them. They do not seem the same; it seems only last summer that they were worn down and dirt-encrusted from working in the pits. Now my hands look clean and fresh. I would venture to guess that I played piano before I died. I have long fingers that are somewhat meaty, but they still seem fairly agile. I cannot, however, take full use of this because of my brain, but I'm sure my time will come. Despite all of this, my hands are not my biggest concern.

I look into my eyes and I get scared. I notice each of the little veins and arteries that twist and wind within. I notice the colour of green in my eyes, unlike anything I recall seeing in them before. I cannot say that I like the colour, but I cannot say that I dislike it; however, I am not totally sure that I appreciate the chance to do this. When I look into the blood pulsing through each little artery, I notice something even more worrisome: to fullest extent of my being and to the stretched limits of word's meaning, I do not know who I am.

* * * * *

It is all documented in some file, in some grey room, in some dark building underneath the earth. Should I trust this file, which I will never see, or, should I just live my life in a state of etherized unknown, not worrying about anything except being me?

-remco dalmajjer-

Five mad dogs and an Englishman

Verse chords: G-F-C-G

Chorus chords: C-G-D7-C-G

Verse:

There were five mad dogs and an Englishman out in the noonday sun,
The Englishman sits by the side of the road polishing a gun.
He says "I made my way to seek my fame robbing along the highway,
Now it seems like even great criminals can't get arrested in
the USA."

One big dog stands up on its hind legs says "Man I know I'm mad,
But you must be even loonier and I can tell you've been had. . .

Chorus:

"Because there ain't no great criminals left in the USA,
They've all gone down to Mexico to gamble their winnings away.
The most that's left is small time thugs and you're as small time
as they come,
Sitting here with a bunch of dogs out in the noonday sun."

Verse:

Now the Englishman pulls out his pockets and falls a dollar
bill,
He says "Thanks for the advice man, go out and drink your fill"
But the dog says "I am already crazy and I can plainly see
That given your situation you need that whiskey more than me.

Because the only way to make your fame is to be a TV star
You could go into politics because that's exactly what they are.
A romantic life won't get you fame, it'll only get you dead
And a shallow grave with no-one to mourn and put a stone by your
head. . . "

Chorus:

Verse:

The Englishman he heaves a sigh and puts down his old gun
Says "I'm going mad out here, out in the noonday sun.
I'm gonna go back to England's shores maybe marry me a royal
princess,
Maybe I can make my fame out of that royal mess."

But the dogs all stood together and barked out their command
They said "You better just stick around here, boy, don't be a
marrying man.

Because the princess she won't treat you right, she'll just go and
run around
And you won't get no fame except to be the joke of London town. . .

Chorus 2:

"Because there ain't no real royalty left in the old UK
They've all gone down to Mexico for to gamble tax dollars away
The most that's left is petty nuts and you're as petty as they come,
Sitting 'round here with a bunch of dogs out in the noonday sun."

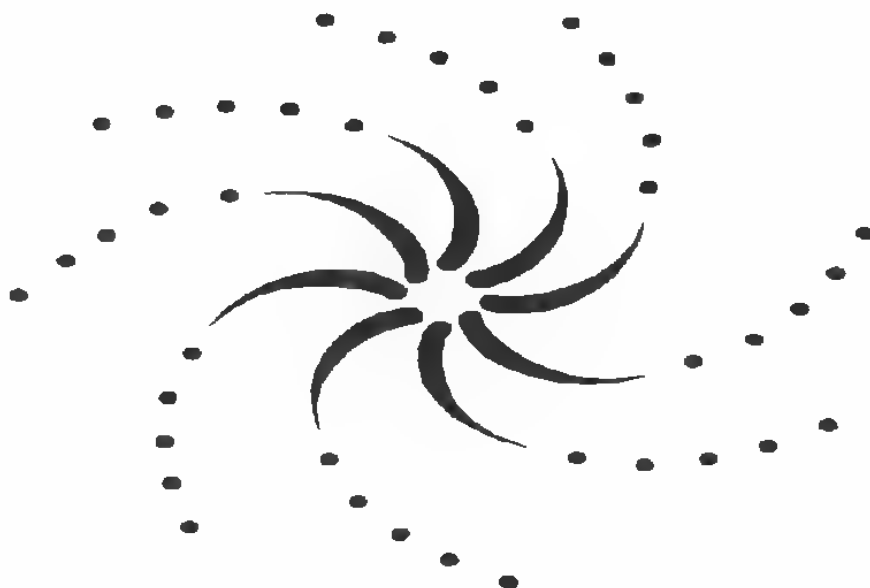
Verse:

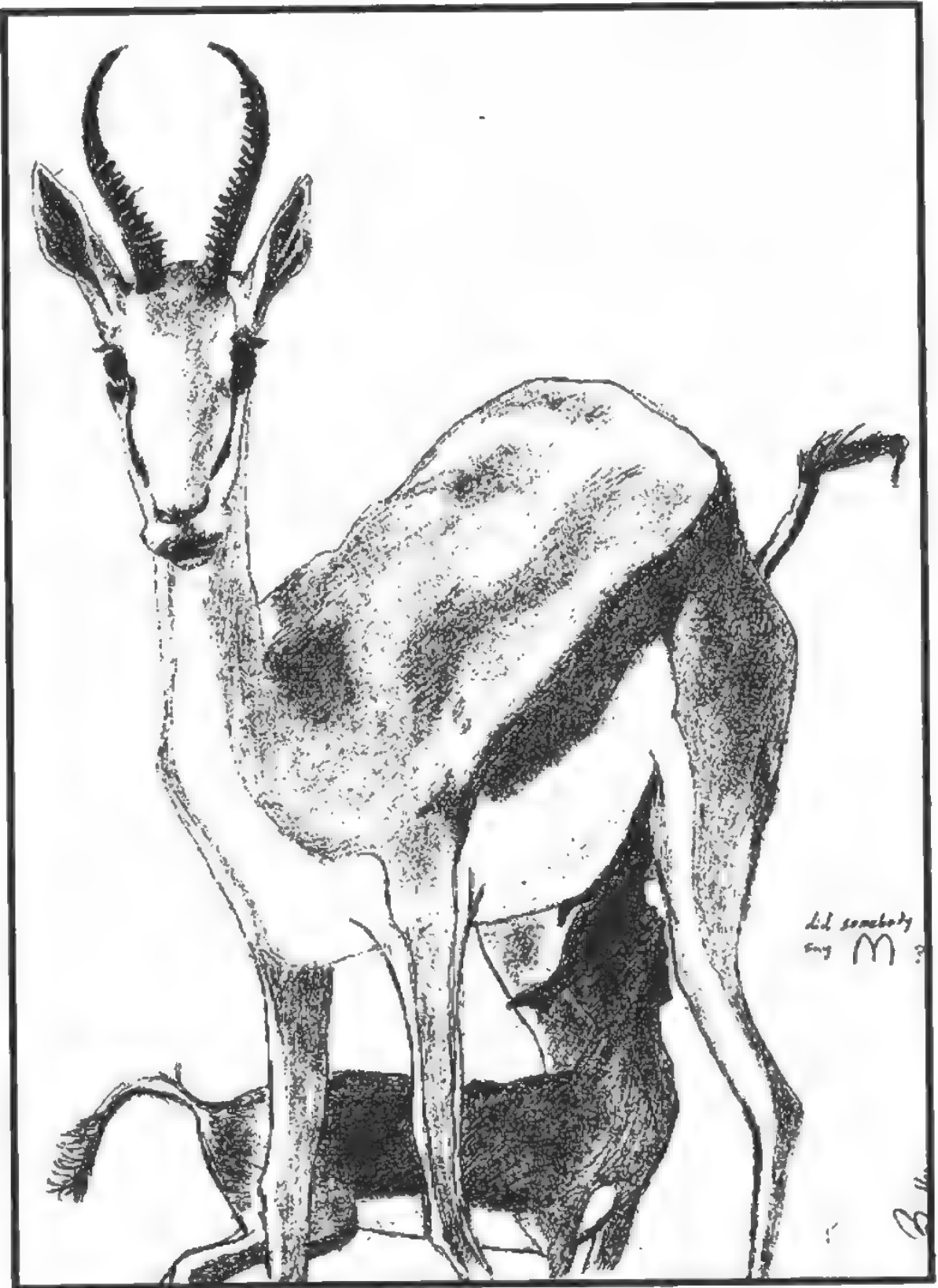
The Englishman he suddenly smiles and raises up his head,
He says "To hell with fame and fortune, man, I'm gonna get drunk
instead."
The dogs thought that was the most sensible plan they most ever
heard
And by one o'clock they were in the bar acting real absurd.

Chorus 3:

But now there ain't no great dreaming men left in the USA
They're all holed up in smoky bars, drinking their dreams away.
The most that's left is drunken visions and , man, you know this is
one,
The ballad of an Englishman and five dogs in the noonday sun.

-michael de moor-





untitled
bradley mwangi
(pencil drawing)

George's Lament

Shaking my right hand,
I enter the 'group' session
And sit down on a chair.

"Name?" says the counsellor. -George.
"From which story?" -Little Red Riding Hood.

"Why are you here?"
-I am afraid of the woodcutter. I can't remember anything
after the woodcutter touched my shoulder.

"In my field, we call it conclusional amnesia."
(The counsellor said this while he touched my knee.)
-Don't touch me!

"I'm sorry. Is it the woodcutter or the axe that you're afraid of?"

-Woodcutter. . . Touch. . .
Axe, Axe, Axe. . . Stomach. . .
Little Red Riding Hood. . .
Blood. . . Intestines. . .

P-P-PAIN.

I land on the ground,
Crying and
Convulsing.

-norton mah-

Down

Thicker than water
Slowly it drips down
Out of the wound
And off of the wrist

D

O

W

N

The pain is extreme
But the horror fades as
The blood flows out of the cut
And silence falls

D

O

W

N

-larissa de vos-

Falling Asleep

the darkness falls away
as do I
fall away from my body
into a cloud
through it
warm air surrounds my weightless senses
falling
landing in a new darkness
a deep, warm pool of un-suffocating
sleep

-kathleen bluemink-

A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,...



"Ophelia—doubly exposed"
jon de moor
(colour photo)

It is often hard to speak,
maybe too candid,
without those words clinging
to the lips of others
to spring off at a later time
without context or inflection.
It's impossible to remain sensitive,
carving the edges off your words
so they fit exactly right in everyone's
ear so as not to bruise or scrape
on their way in.
True sensitivity would be to
bundle every word in
mute absurdity, and becoming
completely satisfied with never meaning
anything to anybody,
leaving a tangible impression analogous
to a ghost.
In order to enrich life,
in and as both parties,
it is imperative to teeter on the
consequences of insensitivity,
where words tumble from emotion
and conviction, where it can be said
you can have your heart
and eat it out too.

-joel vander schaaf-

"Shoulder"
jes hiemstra
(crayon on paper)



Elevator Etiquette

You haven't learned
the high rise rules
the courtesies of corridors
and cautious elevator smiles

Hello

you say, unsure
the cell phone stock bond
man beside you shifts his foot
eyes fix on hypnotizing elevator buttons:
main floor, close door, stop.

Hello

you say
a little louder now
insistent edge creeps in
absorbed by calm, embalming
insulating tile
the mute tone cell phone man beside
looks sideways
slightly, nervously
to see you there
your chair your brace
averts his face.

Perplexed persistent you don't stop
he must have looked
a Goliath to you
you lean you seem
to bend in half to fold
unfold contorted space
and from securely fastened place
you venture out
to meet his eyes
and quietly again you say
Hello
Hello

I'm here.

-angela roorda winter-

How I felt at 11:52 p.m.

like a blanket
 over my face
my feelings
 curling like
 smoke
 but not dissipating
nor dissolving into the
 rest of the
 air
nor abating
 it sticks
 with resolve
 to
 my actions
to my perceptions
 like residue
 or dew
 the moisture
 or circumstance
balled up
 all over
 me

-joel vander schaaf-



untitled
jonathan de moor
(B&W photo)

The Canoe

rippling rivers
(frothing fingers flailing)
trip upon
pudding stones - pebbles
in ghostlike trances,
their bottoms belching
against
tender twisted twigs
- phantoms in the grey, dusky
twilight
(hither golden moonlight)
to sustain, suppress, stall or
surrender
precarious canoes
(riders riddles, rendered
rueful).

-emily dow-

Mountain

Crevice caught eclipsed in
Cavern shadows from the cool above
I wrestle quiet with the grizzly mountain
She-bear death groan whispers
Labour quiet murmurs gather up
And wind caught fierce escape
Into an avalanche of life.

-angela roorda winter-

Lonely trees
standing outside of an
apartment block
(where everybody's got
enough problems of their own
to deal with)
hold out their branches
into the artificial parking lot
light and wait
like old bones
for the resurrection.

-michael de moor-

Trapped in an Angora Sweater

I am trapped in an angora sweater in a change room at Eaton's.

I listen to the women who change next door.

Girls, really.

One voice high, worried. But, he likes to fight.

The other, low, bored. Guys fight, O.K.?

Worried. But I seen him hit his sister.

Bored. So. She asks for it.

Angry voice. Did **YOU** ask for it?

I am trapped in an angora sweater.

Over my head,

my arms caught,

flung up in surrender.

The wool warm and suffocating.

Did I ask for it?

Worried voice. Well, did you?

I didn't mean to.

I am trapped in an angora sweater.

I bend over in supplication

And the sweater

Falls to the floor.

I didn't mean to

Ask for it.

-billie milholland-

1983 - watching an interview on T.V. An abused wife tries to explain why she returned to her husband so many times before she finally left him for good. She said. "No matter what I said, I still had to pay." I remembered that watchful look of hurt and fear.

Arbitrary

She said "huh".
"It's kind of funny
sitting on this side of
the seat. Didn't know
it was that time of year."
Then she gazed around
looked down on
the flying ground and
me and said "I don't
think I like it here.

Chorus:
Then she turned a little
red, turn around, stepped
out on the flying
ground a left, away
from me and I said
"stay". You told me
once that you liked
the way the word made
you feel warm and
wanted in a place that's
real.

Then I broke through
my door, came and
knocked on yours
but you were down
on the floor with
mud on your knees.
And without looking
at me, "I don't think
I like you here" you
said. And you turned
to me a stone clay
face you had made.
You turned me away.

Then she ran blind
broke the handle,
blasted through
her back door
to find the water
that would quench

the fire that burns
through her spinal
cord. When I
broke through her
welcome wreath,
pale, expectant, to
find a crumpled she
inside. Then I
cracked my skull
on a dull brick wall
that had been there
all the time. And
I'd hoped I'd
find what went
on inside.

She wrote:
"Hey! All I do
is play with
clay. I'm
building on
my barricade.
I don't think
I'd ever want
to stay".

-michelleb-
-nuclear goodtime boys-



KATE CHOPIN 1899

"Above the Level Plain"
billie milholland
(mixed media collage on panel)

The Tablecloth

Linen crisp
stretched,
flattened
against tight grained wood.
Virgin white
unblemished.
Fingers move
to smooth
the stiffness
to touch
to squeeze and rumple
to lift and pull
to press, to grasp, to hold.

The fruit for show.
Look
not touch.
I reach
a peach
to lips and tongue
and teeth
and break the tight barrier.
Pierce
and catch on tongue
the sweet, sweet juice.
To taste
to feel.
To watch
a drop
descend
and perch-
a peach pure pearl.
A brilliant bead
against the white.
And slowly, slowly
wet and fragrant
spreading on and in.

-billie milholland-

conversations on a warm winter

Snow

we last talked in late October
we both knew we needed some time apart
you came to visit once in November but I haven't really heard from you since
I thought I could do without bundling up and being cozy in my jacket
I thought I could do without you
now I'm not so sure
It's still warm and you're slowly starting to disappear from my landscape
and I don't even know if it's a bad thing;
indicative of other undesirable trends
or just inevitable.

-remco dalmaijer-

Ah, but sometimes, love
the cool night breeze
can knock me back
into your arms
like a bronze leaf from a
maple
blows against a window;
softly stroking its smooth surface
as I caress your face.
And though even here,
in each other's autumn arms
we conspire against
each other
and ourselves.
And though we align ourselves
like two bald snags
against the good and the sane,
Still, we are in each other's
autumn arms,
falling slowly there,
tossed carelessly
by the cool night breeze.

-michael de moor-

And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!

Wm. S. (HV 1.0.1-4)

Dusk is a time for watching
Small flames dance scarlet
through red wine
and a time to
watch the moving shadows
they cast
tender like glass even
more still

-michael de moor-

The Kingdom of God is like Thematrix

Once upon an important moment, EON knew the warmth of a deep and indwelling love just before beginning another series of learning moments in Thematrix Christian School of the World. Because it was time, EON came upon Thematrix's most knowing chemically-inclined mentor type, who, fortunately for EON, happened to be busily engaged in deep study of a vital complex of liquid molecules. "Can you share a small cup that my thirst might be quenched?," EON asked the chemical one. "Well certainly EON, right after you tell me which came first, the 2H's or the O?" "I suppose I'll have to think about that somewhat," said EON, who went away a bit more curious and wonder-filled, though still somewhat thirsty.

In what felt like a significantly brief span of space, EON happened to cross paths with Thematrix's wonderfully gifted, psychologically motivated mentor type, who was as usual intently observing an eating group affectionately known to all as "the feeding frenzies". "Oh, that bread does look rather life giving, and I haven't eaten for a significant number of moments. Do you suppose I could have a small, broken piece, please?," asked EON. "Glad to do so EON, though before you do so I need to know how you feel about watching the frenzies feed:." "I suppose I'll have to think about that," said EON, who, in turning and going a different way was yet a bit more curious and wonder-filled, though also still somewhat hungry.

In turning, then, EON experienced good graceful fortune in meeting two of Thematrix's deepest and most exquisitely outward-spoken mentor types, they being the economically and philosophically imbued ones. As both were embroiled in a somewhat mysterious yet obviously magical discussion of their ways, EON asked if either of them had a moment or a bit of change to spare. "A moment?," queried the philosophical one, "is there really such a thing as a moment, EON?" "And the notion of spare change, my dear though apparently slightly misguided EON, misses the point that sparseness is but sparseness without the s." "Thanks very much," replied EON with the usual deep and humble respect tinged with sarcasm that is at various times and spaces accorded to all such mentor types, though it seemed to EON that there had been a tad bit of loneliness and lack of sustenance now added to the ever-increasing curiosity and wonderfulness welling up and throughout yet another moment's experience of Thematrix Christian School of the World.

In the moment's last encounter EON stumbled into the presence of Thematrix's two most quizzically whimsical and puzzlingly captivating mentor types, the sociological and theological ones. "Pardon me," queried EON, "but can either of you see your way to grace me with a fragment of prayerful, unspaced non-time?" The sociological and theological ones huddled in depth-filled conference and turned to the little one before them. "Well, glad to see you've come around to seeing that there is a way to know the need for prayerful, unspaced, non-time EON," chortled the theological one. "And also that you seem to have come to that aware-filled spot through which you know that there is meaning in the way of seeing it being done without the presence of your isolation," piped in the sociological one.

So it was for another moment that EON left Thematrix Christian School of the World with both a deepened, wonder-filled curiosity and still-yet-to-be-fully-quenched thirst, hunger and desire to know and be known.

-david long-



"The light on the trees"
greg van der horst
(acrylic on canvas)



"God's Hand"
angela van essen
(acrylic on panel)

Thus Spoke Wodleblah

When Wodleblah was twenty-one years old he let the world shape him according to its beauty, and so, in this manner, because of and with the world, he set out to walk amongst the things that guided his spirit. He left his home, after a long morning lying in bed, to become part of the day. He climbed upon his horse and he spoke thus:

Here I have been pulled, amongst the sifting wind and constant sun, to truly see what pulls me. What perpetuates my eyes to see, my lungs to breathe, my heart to warm and search? Am I here to float like a bloated minnow through the violent streams, pulled over rocks and smashed? Or am I here to find the rhythm of the oceans as I play in their waves; for only then, after waiting for the tide to go out, shall I find the shells of the most beauty and worth.

And is it that I have discovered you already? For I seem, in the eddy of my spirit, to find the wispy tails of the comet I wish to catch. In the whispers of the whip-poorwill, the nuzzle of my mare and tapping of leaves in trees, I am reminded, though I am alone, that I have companions in wonderful surround. There is a coalescent chorus of benevolent strength runs its hand over my lire, playing the music that plays in all men's ears. But sadness cuts a meandering river through my passion, for not all men hear what blares around them. Thus it is for me to sing, though my voice is imperfect, the song that they cannot hear until it is heard.

Thus Wodleblah began to sing. But as he began to hear his own song he stopped.

How is it that I sit upon my most powerful friend? My song tells me that we stand upon the scale that measures all life, where I am made lighter when the weight of egalitarian thought escapes me. We must walk in eachother's stride, though your stride is larger and truer than mine for we are brother and sister in the same house; we are lovers and it is in this existence that we love. It is my place here, on the ground, where our eyes may match; or perhaps yours ought to be higher; and we feel the nutrients of the soil seep through our feet, as water for plants.

Thus Wodleblah dismounted, embraced his horse and resumed singing.

What is this around me?!? What excitement! This song, I see, has brought out blinking eyes from behind leaves; voices speak from burbling brooks and ravens of Odin have strayed from their master to come near. My movements, caught and broken off in time, have melody and drum in rhythm. There is a capturing word scribed upon all things, and my eyes have cracked enough to glimpse.

Behold! There is colour like a steam, rising and moving everything! Colour like song moving me. Wodleblah became very excited and he began running his horse. He ran tirelessly, until he spotted his first man.

Now I shall share my song, and free the ears of the mankind. As he neared this man, he saw what a powerful man he was. Wodleblah was awed by how muscular and sturdy he was. He was tall with great arms, sinewed like a lion's hind, a broad chest and a neck as thick and solid as a stone. His shoulders were hunched and twitching with an invisible weight. His eyes were clear, only blurred by the fire behind them, and his face was handsome and sharp. He stood before a great tree that rose high above all the others that surrounded it, and was speaking loudly with a deep resonant voice.

The tree was as wide and strong and beautiful as the man, but its roots were gnarled in such chaos that it could not be understood. As beautiful as the tree was, Wodleblah was troubled by it, but he couldn't uncover why. The man's words seemed to make the tree before him stretch even higher above the canopy, leaving a great shadow over everything. Wodleblah was amazed at this and stopped his song.

What is it you are doing, my friend? Wodleblah asked. The great man turned to Wodleblah and stepped towards him. Though he was no taller than Wodleblah, he leaned his head back to peer downwards. He then said: This is the tree I have planted and nourished with my words, I soaked its seeds in my pride and wisdom, and have planted it the midst of this forest so that it may grow over them. I have turned the rains to fall and the sun to shine so that this tree shall grow and bear fruit: fruit that will stain my lips with the truth. And behold, there highest among the branches is the fruit by this tree, by my words. It is those bulbs, atop those tender branched, that is the fruition of my wisdom, what I have come to know and what will forever be known. At this, he turned away from Wodleblah in a gesture of defiance and began climbing the tree. To see the powerful man scale his tree with such strength and fervour almost made Wodleblah forget why he had come. But he didn't, for the song began to play wildly as it had when he left his home. Thus he called to the man on his ascent:

Listen to the song I sing; it is not mine but it is the song given to me, the song in everything. Listen and you will know as I do what voices there are to be heard and the fulfilment of the their song. Thus, Wodleblah began to sing. But the man stared down in a furrowed brow and called down, interrupting Wodleblah.

What insolent foolishness is the tune of your song; joyful and quick, 'tis not any song of sorrow, and that is all my ears will hear. There is no song to be heard in all things, only the song dropping to me from my fruit. I shall fill my ears with the twigs of my tree so I may not hear your foolish song again. The large man began to climb again, deaf to Wodleblah, who continued to sing for the sake of the beauty of the song. He could not do otherwise. The man climbed the tree, getting faster and more frenzied as he neared the fruit. He was yelling and hollering all the words the tree had grown on, making the fruit grow still as he neared them. Finally he came to the bright fruit atop the tree and seized them with his great hands. He said this with a voice that shook with emotion and vehemence:

Finally I have reached them!!!! I now grasp the culmination of all my work: the lasting beauty of everything that my wisdom has created; what shall now fill my heart. Behold, let all know the beauty about to be pierced by my teeth, a beauty the spiders and snakes could never hold.

And with a great yell he bit into his fruit greedily. A smile burst across his face and his eyes sparkled with madness. He began to speak. But as his mouth opened bulbs of fire burst from his tongue, falling down to the roots of the tree. The mangled roots burst into flame, sending a flash of blaze and heat into the air. The roots burned quickly as if they were dead and hollow; and as the fire burned up the tree more hollowness was exposed. The man screamed in terror as he watched the fire eat his creation as he had eaten the fruit. In a terrible flail he fell from the tree plummeting to almost certain death. But Wodleblah, who was nowhere near as large as the man, was still

still very strong and did his best to catch the man; indeed he saved his life. Wodleblah said thus:

The beauty you had striven for was the destruction of your tree; though indeed the fruit was beautiful, it betrayed your tree, which burnt fast without a center. The fruit you held, the fruit atop the tree, can be found on other trees. Look, for hidden amongst many of the branches of the forest they sit, they call and join in the chorus of the song. It comes to me now what unsettled me about your tree; there was no song, it hadn't a voice to add to the multitude of the choir.

Which song do you speak of? asked the man.

Oh, you have forgotten because of everything that has happened!! Indeed I forgot for a short time. I speak of the song I tried to have you hear, the song that surrounds us, the song that was in your fruit. For though the fruit destroyed your tree was it not delicious? I have tasted fruit of that kind before; it has remained on my tongue. That same taste leaps off my tongue to rejoice with the music. Let me sing to you now.

Thus Wodleblah sang. And as the words gently opened the ears of the great man, he rose and embraced the mare in hysteric tears.

I must smile, for I hear the choir grow louder and more beautiful as the truth of life unveils our spirit to feel it.

Thus spoke Wodleblah.

-joel vander schaaaf-



Sahara Desert
bryan vroom
(colour photo)

Honey

A Woman and a Man walk slowly onto the stage. Both wear hiking clothes. The man carries a walking stick, the woman carries a large knapsack.

She: How long has it been?

He: What, honey?

She: How long has it been?

He: Since?

She: Then.

He: When?

She: Oh, a long time, honey. Years I would say, but who's to say?

He: My knee hurts.

She: Which knee?

He: This one. (Points to right knee)

She: (Grabs her left knee and howls in pain)

He: No wait, maybe it's this one.

She: (Grabs her right knee and howls in pain)

He: Or maybe it's both that hurt.

She: Funny, I feel fine.

He: I shall be crippled.

She: I shall grow old.

He: I shall die of thirst.

She: I shall perish in the heat.

He: I shall expire of VD.

She: I love you, honey.

He: I love you, honey.

Pause

(The man searches through knapsack for food)

She: Honey.

He: You have some.

She: What?

He: Honey.

She: Yes?

He: May I have some?

She: Some what?

He: HONEY!

She: WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

He: HONEY!

She: (Embracing him) I'm here, honey, I'm here.

He: (Sobbing) I'm tired.

She: I'm bored.

He: I'm sore.

She: I'm confused.

He: I'm uncertain.

She: But we are still young.

He: We shall grow old.

She: I shall lose my looks.

He: I shall lose my potency.
She: I shall become idle.
He: I shall become useless.
She: I shall forget things.
He: I love you, honey.
She: I love you, honey.

Pause

He: Well, what do you have to say for yourself?
She: I think, therefore I am.
He: You think so?
She: I can't help it.
He: Perhaps if you tried a little harder.
She: Oh, I don't think that would help.
He: Exactly.
She: What?
He: You don't think, that would help.
She: Perhaps.

Pause

He: What are you doing?
She: Not thinking.
He: Are you not?
She: No.
He: Indeed, you are still here.
She: Perhaps I shall not be later.
He: And perhaps you shall.
She: I hope not.
He: That's a start.
She: I suppose.
He: Try to not.
She: (nods)

Pause

(Man resumes search for food)

He: We can always hope, can't we honey?
She: Yes, it's a small world.
He: Yes, it wouldn't take long to walk around it.
She: Indeed, how long has it been?
He: What?
She: How long has it been?
He: Since?
She: We started.
He: Oh . . . I don't quite remember.
She: We are growing old, you and I.
He: Yes.
She: We shall become wrinkled.

He: We shall shrink.
She: We shall eat prunes.
He: We shall wear the bottoms of our trousers rolled.
Both: I love you, honey.

Pause

She: What time is it?
He: Late.
She: For God's sake, be optimistic. We may be a bit behind, but . . .
He: That's the tyranny of time.
She: It's a bitch.
He: A banshee.
She: A sadist.
He: A fiend.
She: A tyrant.
He: A malefactor.
She: But of course it doesn't exist.
He: Of course not.
She: A creation of the mind, without extension.
He: A tool for organizing and nothing else.
She: Of no more significance than a hammer sitting unused on the shelf.
He: An idea.
She: And no more.

Pause

He: How far today?
She: What, how far before you start whining and acting like a child?
He: No, before you and your existential crisis.
She: Before your blubbering and sniffing.
He: Before your self pity trip.
She: Before your self important philosophizing.
He: (Looks at his watch) About five miles.
She: And how much does that leave.
He: Two hundred and ninety-seven too far.
She: Too far?
He: The world's circumference is ten thousand miles, we have travelled 10, 297.
She: Well, might as well go around again.
He: Well, it's a small world after all.
She: I love you, honey.
He: I love you, honey.

(Man and Woman exit arm in arm)

-michael de moor-

Clipped

The soul of a poet eludes me, he said
his voice tinged with despair
as he clutched his coffee
and stared at the wall.

A long moment as we sat, in silence
tossing awkward glances about the room
before he began to speak;
a rambling discourse
about family and friends
the place they held in his life
and all they meant to him
about the day he told his parents, his dearest
he dropped out of university
to become a poet.

How could he now face them
knowing in his heart he failed
that they would sit and with
knowing nods
pridefully
quietly
express hollow words of sympathy
all the while dragging him back
to their stifling embrace
drawing their foolish fledgling
back to the nest to
finally, totally,
forever, clip his wings.
He cried a little then,
and I,
I couldn't even offer any sympathy
having already been clipped.

-none of the above-



"The space between the trees"
greg van der horst
(acrylic on canvas)

Ballyhoo
2000 issue

The End.

DATE DUE

[illegible]

Simone Maschke Library

**The King's
University College**

Edmonton, Alberta

Back Cover:
"Burning trees"
greg van der horst
(acrylic on canvas)

THE KING'S UNIV. COLLEGE LIBRARY



3 1979 00044211 9

